The SONG of the

Robin-Redbreaſt

Turn'd

Canary-Bird.

To the Tune of, *Chivy-Chace.*

Difficile eſt Satyram non ſcribere.

Juv. Sat. 1.

LONDON

Printed; and Sold by J. ROBERTS at the *Oxford-Arms* in *Warwick-Lane.* MDCCXV. *Price* 4d.

BRITISH MUSEUM

ROBIN-REDBREAST

Turn'd

Canary-Bird.

I.

IN *Æsop*'s Days when Birds could prate,
And Beasts their Mind de-clare,
Betwixt the Holy Church and State
Then no Diviſions were.

2.

Men Preach'd not then for Intereſt;
Nor Lawyers loſt a Cauſe
For Gold, for Profit they love beſt,
Although againſt the Laws.

3.

But now the Times are changed quite,
Men will not little be;
To be moſt Great is their Delight,
And falſe to Majeſty.

4.

Now of a *Robin-Redbreaſt* I
Will do my beſt to ſing;
And tell the greateſt Infamy,
Which he to us did bring.

5.

To him, as to *Veſpaſian* once,
Moſt pleaſant was the Smell
Of filthy Lucre, tho' the Gain,
Shew'd ſtrait the Road to H--ll.

6.

Inſtead of laying up in Heav'n,
The Greatneſs of his Store,
His Heav'n was in his Treaſury laid,
Which he did moſt adore.

7.

For Coin he had ſo great a Love,
That *Nero*'s Image he
Wou'd Worſhip, for the Piece that bore
That Lump of Tyranny.

8.

He takes much Pains his Brood to leave
More rich than really good;
A Portion than a Bleſſing grant,
To all that's of his Blood.

9.

For *CHRIST* he'll ſuffer, and with *Paul*
Crave to be bound and die;
But this is only when poor *Rob*,
Can't for Religion fly.

10.

'Tis true, in things indifferent,
I own, that *Moderation*,
Where it is rightly us'd by Men,
Is a great Commendation.

11.

But when this *Robin-Redbreaſt* had
A Pow'r to ſit at Helm,
He was not moderate, but mad,
Which much diſturb'd the Realm.

His

12.

His Sovereign he did play upon,
And durſt the *Eagle* curſe;
Nay, countenance Rebellion too,
Both with his Tongue and Purſe.

13.

When firſt this *Robin-Redbreaſt* flew
From Mountains into Town,
Pure Honeſty he ſeem'd to know,
And Loyalty to the Crown.

14.

When that Great *William* firſt he came,
To ſave our Church and Laws;
Moſt briſkly he did chirp and ſing,
And ſeem'd t'eſpouſe that Cauſe.

15.

Robin cou'd fawn and flatter too,
Where Int'reſt was his End;
To GOD nor Man he was not true,
No, not unto his Friend.

16.

Altho' this *Robin* ſtudy'd Law,
'Twas but to learn to plead,
When he had broke it, to defend
Himſelf in time of need.

17.

Or elſe it was his aim to have
More Law than Honeſty,
To cozen that poor honeſt Man,
Who might no Lawyer be.

18.

His *Janus* Face advanc'd his Fame,
By diff'rent Parties once,
And when his Name grew ſcandalous,
Yet wou'd he huff and bounce.

19.

When in the Senate he appear'd,
He *Jack* on both ſides play'd;
Then of ſiniſter Practices,
He would not be afraid.

20.

This *Robin-Redbreaſt* Honour had,
In their Behalf to ſpeak;
And had not *Bob* been really mad,
He wou'd have been more meek.

21.

When Honour's Pinacle he climb'd,
To rule Affairs of State.
But then a Fiſh he kept at home,
Caught with a *Gallick* Bait;

French

22.

French Lui d' Ors did him ſeduce,
His Country to betray;
Thro' which our Ships, and *Thoulon* too,
Were given quite away.

23.

Both Blood and Treaſure too we loſt,
By that perfidious Wretch;
But Fortune proving to him croſs,
He did at *Tyburn* ſtretch.

24.

Then *Robin-Redbreaſt* falling under
Moſt ſad and foul Diſgrace;
Yet did he bear it all with wonder,
And a moſt brazen'd Face.

25.

'Tis ſaid, a Fluſhing Cobler was
The greateſt Enemy,
Unto the Catholick Great King
Of *Spain*'s large Monarchy.

26.

So *Robin-Redbreaſt*, on my Word,
Became, in little time,
As great a Foe to State, as e'er
Was hatch'd within our Clime.

But

27.

But yet this cunning *Robin* ſoon,
By playing Cat-in-Pan,
Arrived to ſome Poſts again,
And was a Mighty Man.

28.

Then, then a foreign Bird of Honour,
The Blood of *Robin* ſpill'd,
But as ill Fortune then wou'd have it,
Poor *Robin* was not kill'd.

29.

A mighty Bull, as all do know,
This Bird of Honour gor'd;
And half a dozen holes, ſome ſay,
He in his Body bor'd.

30.

In Pickle then the Bird's preſerv'd,
To ſhow what pickled Curs,
We had to deal with, when we thought
Our ſelves moſt happy, Sirs.

31.

Next *Robin* perching on a Staff,
Did like an Eagle ſoar,
For height, until he touch'd a Star:
Now T---s him adore.

32.

His ſtrange Ambition ſoon does raiſe
Th' Omnipotence of Pride:
But Beggars ſet on Horſeback, they
Will to the D---l ride.

33.

Now truly he wants not the Senſe,
And makes it too his Care,
To manage well the Nation's Pence,
And have himſelf a ſhare.

34.

Advanced now, he puts them out,
Who juſtly ſerv'd the Crown;
For a good Miniſtry he hates,
And cries their Perſons down.

35.

Our *Robin-Redbreaſt* flying high,
It was his conſtant Ditty,
For all his Crew watchful to be,
Of the moſt factious City.

36.

His Head ſtood mounted on a Neck
As ſtubborn as a Poſt;
His Grandeur made him to the W----s,
Moſt ſurly, baſe and croſt.

He

37.

He whom we reckon'd was the Cock,
That really was o'th' Game,
Our *Robin-Redbreaſt* envied much
His everlaſting Fame.

38.

But this ſame Cock ſhall Honour have,
Enveloped with Praiſe
Of future Ages, who to him,
Shall endleſs Glory raiſe.

39.

For Joy this *Robin-Redbreaſt* tun'd
His Healths with drowſy Hums;
Juſt as the drunken *Danes* abroad,
Carouze by Kettle-Drums.

40.

This *Robin-Redbreaſt* and a *Bull*,
Were Birds both of a Feather;
And ſeem'd to be, like *Valentine*
And *Orſon*, bound together.

41.

He wou'd applaud the Counſel which
He did his Party teach;
And live upon the Doctrine that
Falſe *Miniſters* did Preach.

42.

Caligula, whoſe monſtrous Pride,
One time was Mankind's Bail,
Diſdained, when he was alive,
To Murder by Retail.

43.

Wiſh'd that the World had but one Neck,
That his moſt glutt'nous Blade,
An univerſal Havock might
Amongſt Mankind have made.

44.

So if this *Robin-Redbreaſt* cou'd,
A *Whore's-Bird* hither brought,
A Maſſacre within our Land,
He wou'd have deem'd no Fau't.

45.

Like *Royſton* Crows in *Hertfordſhire*,
Who are, as I may ſay,
Fryers of both the Orders there,
Some black, and ſome too grey.

46.

So *Robin-Redbredſt* ſoon can change
His Colour, for to ſkreen
Thoſe baſe Affronts which he did put
Upon his lawful Q-----

His

47.

His Vizage ne'er was legible,
But like unto the Letters,
Which Lords are often wont to write,
In ſtrange fantaſtick Fetters.

48.

Indeed he has falſe Beard enough,
To fit a Stage's Plot:
But *Robin-Redbreaſt* now, I doubt,
Into a Pound is got.

49.

His Treach'ry, like *White Powder*, made,
As Statiſts ſay, no noiſe,
But yet the ſilent Hypocrite,
His Sov'reign's Friends deſtroys.

50.

Whilſt *Robin-Redbreaſt* bore the Sway,
True Souls forbore to climb;
For Worth was counted then a Sin,
And Eminence a Crime.

51.

Whilſt this moſt hopeful Bird, I ſay,
Did bear a proud Command,
Moſt ſtrange Convulſions, all cou'd ſee,
Did Shoulder-ſhake the Land.

52.

See what a moſt diſhonourable
Peace was made with *France*,
When it was in our Pow'r to make
That King from home to dance.

53.

What we did in the *Netherlands*,
By dint of Sword maintain,
We were oblig'd, on ſcurvy Terms,
To yield to him again.

54.

Dunkirk was to be tumbled down:
What then, when *Mardyke* he
Builds up to plague our Merchants all,
Within the narrow Sea?

55.

The Emp'ror was left in the lurch,
And States of *Holland* too;
Whilſt we another *General* had,
Who from the *Frenchmen* flew.

56.

The other Allies were ſurpriz'd,
To ſee how they were ſold,
Unto their mortal Enemy,
For d---n'd pernicious Gold.

57.

To *Philip*, *Spain*'s deliver'd up,
Anjou enjoys the Crown;
Whilſt it was in our Power once,
To pull that Monarch down.

58.

Indeed a hopeful Harveſt we
Have very quickly made;
And if we do not look about,
Then ruin'd is our Trade.

59.

Bavaria is got home again,
T'enjoy what *Charles* had won;
And *Cologn*'s Biſhop to diſturb,
Th' Reformed Church begun.

60.

But what is worſe, the *Catalans*,
As Rebels, ſuffer all;
And are reduced to great Straits,
As well as diſmal Thrall.

61.

In *France* the *Proteſtants* likewiſe,
Do Perſecution feel;
They muſt deny their Faith, or elſe
Rome hard with them will deal.

O! *Robin*,

62.

O! *Robin*, *Robin*, what doſt think
Of theſe obnoxious Crimes;
As yet not paralliz'd in paſt,
Nor in the preſent Times?

63.

Indeed your Circumſtance is bad,
You have befoul'd your Neſt;
If *Honeſty* you had embrac'd,
You wou'd have found it beſt.

64.

Of *Chriſtianity* he had
But ſo much as might ſave
His Credit here; but not his Soul,
On t'other ſide the Grave.

65.

He thought that neither *Church* nor *State*,
Worth his regarding were;
Becauſe no further than they ſerv'd
His Turn, he did not care.

66.

Both Veſſels ſplit at once he cou'd
Behold them with dry Eyes;
And to his Intereſt cou'd make
Them both a Sacrifice.

67.

And in the int'rim deviliſh Hopes,
Poor *Robin* did not lack,
Of quickly getting Riches by
The miſerable Wreck.

68.

The *Chelſea* Penſioners, whilſt *Bob*
Did bear imperious Sway,
He and ſome others them did rob,
By giving them no Pay.

69.

But what of that? The Hoſpital
With *Penſioners* fill'd apace,
Who ne'er had in the Army been,
To look Foes in the Face.

70.

The fortunate Succeſs which he
Hath had in ev'ry Sin,
Makes him repent that ſooner then
He did not them begin.

71.

But when His Sacred Majeſty,
In *England* Landed ſafe,
O! know, our *Robin-Redbreaſt* then
Did ſadly fume and chafe.

72.

The Hour was arriv'd, in which
His Stars began to frown;
And had in close Cabal contriv'd,
To pull his Grandeur down.

73.

O! how our *Robin* hop'd about,
And flew from Place to Place;
The Staff, which serv'd him for his Perch,
Surrender'd in Disgrace.

74.

But *Robin-Redbreast* now is turn'd,
A true *Canary-Bird*,
And shifts about, like Women's Minds,
Upon my honest Word!

75.

As bold *Ulysses* once did rove
Upon the angry Main,
Or *Titan* did to *Phaeton*,
Lend his all-fiery Rein.

76.

One's Ship was very near being loft,
Whilst *Phæbus*'s bold Son,
Did let the Fabrick of the World
A desp'rate Hazard run:

77

Waves threaten'd one with Drowning strait,
Whilst t'other's fear'd by Fire;
So to destroy our Commonwealth,
Was *Robin*'s great Desire.

78

As fair *Astrea* once, by Strife,
Was forc'd from Earth to Heaven;
So had we, had but *Robin* Rul'd,
From all our Rights been driven.

79

By Theft in the *Exchequer*, he
Wou'd soon have climbed higher,
Than did the bold *Prometheus*,
For his Celestial Fire.

80

But now 'tis thought, that *Robin* will
Be very quickly vex'd,
By Birds, the Joy of this blest Age,
And Safety of the next.

81

Now the most lofty and fair Tree,
Whereon the Eagle builds,
Do the poor Sheep from Tempests keep,
And all their Shepherds shields.

82.

Last the Royal, Glorious Bird
Poſſeſſes all the Boughs;
And cooling Shade and Shelter too,
Unto the Flock allows.

83.

This Royal Bird we may eſteem,
As if ſent us from Heaven,
And for a vertuous Pattern to
This noble Iſland given.

84.

To ſhow us Mortals what the Bleſs'd
Act, when retired there;
And what, when they were once alive,
They really acted here.

85.

But yet this Glorious, Royal Bird,
Sly *Robin* did not pleaſe,
For, for a Whore's-Bird, he our Groves,
And Foreſts too wou'd ſeize.

86.

If righteous Things he has not done,
To Juſtice bring him ſtrait;
For really he has tardy been,
Unto both Church and State.

Yet

87.

Yet Love and Mercy ſo o'erflows
Our *Eagle*, *Titus* like,
That he's too apt to hold the Sword,
Which ſhou'd for Juſtice ſtrike.

88.

Wherefore our Eagle's Pedigree
From Heaven muſt be brought,
And this of His Great Majeſty,
To Subjects ſhou'd be taught.

89.

How ſome great Goddeſs, or bright Dame,
Compreſt by mighty *Jove*,
Produced with great Joy this mixt
Divinity and Love.

90.

Now *Robin* if it is your Luck
T'eſcape what you deſerve,
From your Allegiance again
To Monarchs, do not ſwerve.

91.

If *Robin-Redbreaſts*, as moſt ſay,
Are loving harmleſs Birds,
Then be not you a Bird of Prey,
Nor wound with flatt'ring Words.

For

92.

For as your grand Deceit is now
Found out by wiser Heads;
Each Bird of Prey, I do protest,
Their Judgment daily dreads.

93.

Again, I do advise you, *Bob*,
To leave off these base Tricks,
To get your factious Clergymen,
To Preach on Politicks.

94.

We do not now *S——l* want,
To tell us that the Church
In Danger is; and *H——* teach
She'll be left in the lurch.

95.

To their dear tender Flocks of Lambs,
They shou'd the Gospel preach;
And not Rebellion, in the least,
To half the Nation teach.

96.

Poor *Robin!* I do pity thee;
But yet I cannot cry,
If sharp-edg'd Ax, and fatal Block,
Shou'd be thy Destiny.

Yet

97.

Yet if thou art an honeſt Bird,
As many People doubt,
From all your Troubles, *Bob*, you may
With Honour ſoon get out.

98.

Howe'er, bold *Britons*, now aſſert,
Your Rights and Liberty,
And let ſuch Birds, as wou'd betray
Our Country, hanged be.

99.

So let Great *GEORGE*, and Iſſue, whom
The Kingdom do adore,
Reign here in Peace and Happineſs,
Till Time ſhall be no more.

FINIS.

For if thou art an honest Bird,
As many People doubt,
From all your Trouble, Pea, you may
With Honour soon get out.

58.

How's'e, bold Britons, now alert,
Your Rights and Liberty,
And let such Birds, as would betray
Our Country, hanged be.

59.

So let Great GEORGE, and Ours, whom
The Kingdom do adore,
Reign here in PEACE and Happiness,
Till Time shall be no more.

FINIS.